

DAILY NEVADA STATE JOURNAL.

"With Malice toward none, with Charity to all, and with Firmness in the Right."—Lincoln.

VOL. 25.

RENO, WASHOE COUNTY, NEVADA, THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1886.

NO 73.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS!

BISHOP WHITAKER'S EFFORTS AND SUCCESS.

Reno's Great Female Seminary and Hopes for the Future.

Commencement Exercises—Closing of the Tenth Year—Musical Department—Various Notes.

Bishop Whitaker's School for Girls has now been in successful operation for ten years. It has attained a wide reputation for the wisdom of its management and the thoroughness of its work. From the start it has been characterized by the paternal nature of its government, and its social training in womanly qualities. While diligent attention has been given to that part of education which can be attained from books, still greater stress has been laid upon the formation of an upright, pure character. Its influence is felt in hundreds of homes, and it has become one of the most important factors in determining the future character of Nevada.

During these years Bishop Whitaker has given to the school a large portion of his time and strength, and the benefit of years of previous experience in teaching and the management of schools.

But this institution, to which the people of this State owe so much, could not have been founded but for the generous gift of Miss Catharine L. Wolfe, of New York, a noble Christian woman, whose liberal endowments have aided many similar undertakings, and whose benefactions have been widely bestowed for the furtherance of education and religion, not only throughout the United States, but in foreign lands.

In 1875, Miss Wolfe offered to give ten thousand dollars for establishing a School for Girls in Nevada, provided the Bishop would raise an equal amount. In considering the most desirable place for the location of the school, there seemed to be no question that Reno offered the greatest advantages. It was the most easily reached, its climate was healthful, its future growth and permanence were certain, and there was, moreover, an earnest desire on the part of the people to have the school located here.

This desire found practical expression in the giving, by individual subscriptions, four thousand dollars in money, and the offering of several desirable sites for the erection of buildings.

Mr. Hatch offered a part of his improved grounds, Mr. Liete offered fifteen acres of the school was located on his property, Gen. Evans, with his brothers, offered the site which the State University now occupies, Mr. Lake offered land on the bluff south of the river, and the Central Pacific Company offered half a mile, to be selected from their lands in Reno.

At a public meeting held in May, 1876, a committee of citizens was elected to serve as a Council of Advice to the Bishop in selecting a site. The committee consisting of Messrs. C. T. Bender, B. F. Loets, W. R. Chamberlain, A. J. Hatch and A. H. Manning, visited the places that had been offered and, unanimously decided that the block upon which the school now stands was, taking all things into consideration, the most suitable for the use desired, assurance being given that if this site should be taken the other half of the block would be donated.

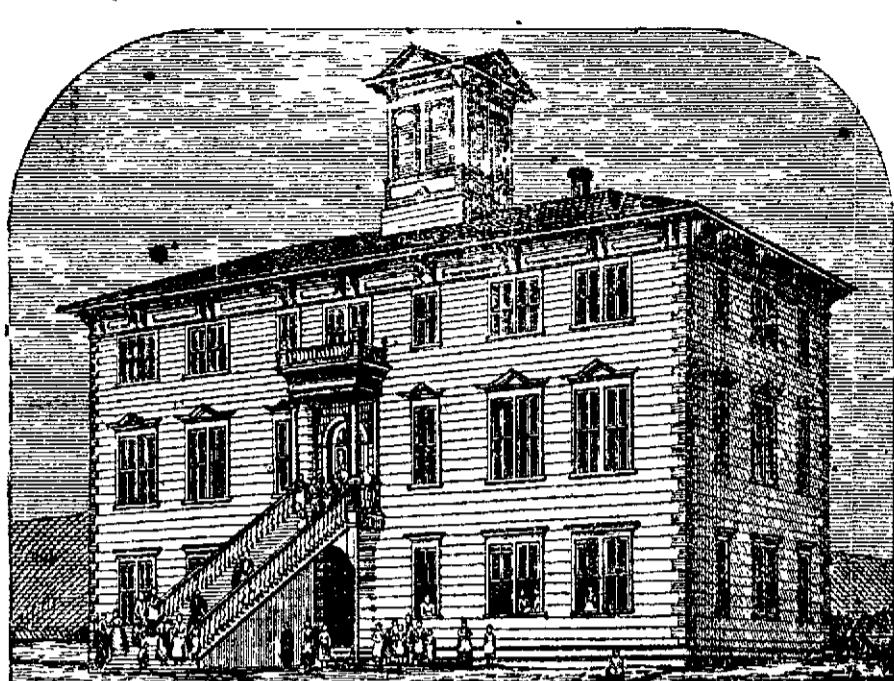
There were some who thought that the place chosen was too far from town and indeed it might well seem so. There were then but a very few houses in the space between the school block and the railroad. The walk from the depot to the school was nearly half the way through sage-brush, and north and west was an unbroken waste of sage as far as the eye could see. Now the space in front is occupied with neat dwellings, and the sage-brush on the west and north has given way to waving fields of wheat and grass. In the meantime, by diligent solicitation, the Bishop had raised the six thousand dollars needed in addition to the four thousand given by the citizens of Reno, to secure Miss Wolfe's gift, and in June the erection of the school building was begun. It was prosecuted vigorously, and on the 12th of October the first session of the school began with fifty pupils and five teachers, Miss Kate A. Sill being the Principal. Since that time there have been changes in teachers, and a varying attendance of pupils. But the system of management which Miss Sill inaugurated, and the high ideal which she set before all who came in contact with her, have been present as a power in the life and worth of the school. At the end of the second year she returned to her home in the East, but after a year's absence she resumed her position and continued in the efficient performance of her duties until

she died in November, 1880, loved and honored by all who knew her. The following season an exquisite stained glass window was placed in the school room in memory of her, which serves not only to make the place more beautiful, but as a perpetual reminder of a consecrated Christian life. Her place has since been successively filled by Miss C. H. Sanford and Miss Anne M. Read, each of whom possessed admirable qualifications for the position, and it is now occupied by Miss Amy Pease, who combines in a large degree the best qualities of those who preceded her. But to no one who has been connected with the school is it more indebted than to Miss Eva Quaife, who from its beginning has been at the head of the Department of Music. It is to her rare ability as a teacher, her skill in music, and her hearty devotion to the school that the great success of this department is due. There are few schools, East or West, where the standard of musical attainment is so high, and where the work done is so satisfactory.

The school building erected in 1876 was designed to accommodate forty boarders and five teachers. It is 40x88, three stories in height, well arranged, heated with steam and supplied with hot and cold water. The carpenters' contract was for \$13,500, mason work, \$1,500, painting, \$1,550, plumbing and steam fitting, \$3,450, so that the \$20,000 raised was all expended in the erection of the building. To furnish and equip the house for use required a further outlay of \$8,500, and the school was opened with this amount of indebtedness. With the low rate of charges established the income of the school is but little more than sufficient to meet the current expense, and some years it has fallen short of this. It was necessary therefore to obtain the amount needed to liquidate the debt, from other sources. As the JOURNAL said eight years ago, "the Bishop will wrestle with this debt until he gets rid of it, but how much better it would be if some of the rich men of the coast would come forward and at once relieve him of it." But with the exception of Daniel Cook, who gave \$1,000, the rich men did not come forward with any large subscriptions, and the Bishop was obliged to raise the greater part of the money among his friends in the East. Miss Wolfe gave him aid again, and other friends of Christian education contributed and three years ago the debt was extinguished. Since that time extensive improvements and additions have been made, the greater part of the cost of which has been met by the Bishop's friends at the East. In 1884 the steam house was lengthened twelve feet and another story added, furnishing a well lighted studio and recreation room for the smaller girls. In 1885 a new building 24x50, two stories in height, was erected forty feet northeast of the main building, which gives much needed new recreation rooms, besides accommodating four teachers and seven girls. The architect and builder of the new house was George E. Holsworth, the plumbing being done by Jaques, the mason work by Mr. Burke, and the painting by F. C. Updike. The school now has room for fifty boarders and eight teachers, and during the past year all these places have been occupied. During the first five years of the school the average number of boarders and day scholars in attendance was fifty-five. During the last five years it has been sixty seven.

To the visitor the greatest apparent improvement has been in the appearance of the grounds surrounding the school. These comprise about seven acres, all of which ten years ago were covered with sagebrush. From 1876 to 1881 but little could be done to improve the grounds for the want of water, the only available supply being the Orr ditch, from which water was pumped for house purposes by a steam pump. But since the completion of the Highland ditch and the construction of the new reservoir, the water supply has been abundant, and a wonderful transformation has taken place. The grounds have been laid out with pleasant walks, the buildings are surrounded with beautiful flower gardens, more than five hundred trees have been planted, a fine orchard has been set out with eighty fruit trees, one-half the block is covered with grass, and the lawns in front rival in neatness and beauty those of Oakland. The place has become beautiful and as time goes on the natural growth of the trees and foliage will rapidly increase its beauty and attractiveness from year to year.

The school has a small but valuable cabinet of minerals and a library of about four hundred volumes, to which additions are constantly being made, and which already requires more room. There is need of philosophical and chemical apparatus, but there is a prospect of this being supplied during the coming year. Constant improvement has been the order of the school from the beginning. The aim of the management has been to secure the best teachers, to employ the best methods, to maintain a gentle but firm discipline, to train the pupils in habits of industry



BISHOP WHITAKER'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, RENO, NEVADA

try and meekness and to surround them with all the influences of a refined and happy home. The result has been apparent in the lives and conduct of the girls who have been connected with it. As the home and its surroundings have grown more beautiful from year to year, the standard of scholarship has grown higher, and the general character of the school has been marked by constant advancement. Bishop Whitaker's School for Girls is an institution of which every citizen of Nevada may well be proud, and there is every reason for congratulation that we have within our own State a school which furnishes every advantage for acquiring a thorough education which can be found in any sister State.

SALUTATORIAL—VOCALIC.

The Essays of the Graduates Jane Gertrude Shouemaker Carrie Adelia Blaebank, Ida May Pullman, Fannie Emily Stackhouse, Mattie Louise Verburgh, Mary Frank N. Isabel Stevens Harris, and Abby Edwinus Mason

She seems the spirit of the morn For in her flower like face A childhood sweetness there is born A woman's tender grace Her fair voice carols hopeful lays Of coming joys until The blossoms that the future day Hold ready to unfold And now she stands beside the spring And, in its depths is shown Enhanced by each encircling ring The beauty all her own Her life is like a gladsome morn, Hopeful and full of joy For visions sweet her path adorn Unto her by Time's allow And will they like the dew drops fade In the first light of day? And all these dreams in gloom made, Like gossamer stoln away? What if the future only loit Realities stern and gay? What if the morning's rose and gold Precede a cloudy day? We yield the fairest dream of youth In clothed mid half concealed We seek the broadest, deepest truth By day a clear light revealed

UNKNOWN QUANTITIES—A CLASS PROPHETIC

MARY FRANKLIN

Who knows the destiny of any human life? Man's future is necessarily uncertain, for in making an estimate of character one must take into account its possibilities, tendencies and capacities, as well as its actual attainments. Our friends form their estimate of us by what we are capable of doing, while the world estimates us only by what we have already done. Ideal character may never be attained for who can predict the influence by which it will be marred or moulded? When a block of marble is first quarried it is a rough, shapeless mass, but the marble, incredible as it seems, has possibilities, not visible, but existing, ready to be brought into the light by some unknown cause. This cause comes in the form of a sculptor, the creative spirit that inspires the true artist tells him what lies within, and with his whole soul in the work, he cuts away the needless stone from around the figure that is gradually gaining form. The highest capacity of the marble may be brought forth in the form of an angel of light, or perchance the form of man, but "little lower than the angels." This character has capabilities in itself but it depends to a certain degree upon the individual and his surroundings, whether these be turned to a good or bad account. It may be the figure of an angel that this unknown sculptor will shape, by the aid of his invisible chisels, or it may be that of a demon, who knows? Who knows indeed? One may perchance grasp the sculptor's plan, as the passive marble breathes and lives beneath his hand. For every stroke is guided by a master spirit, and directed by a controlling mind. But the chisel strokes by which the life destiny is fashioned are variable and diverse unknown quantities. Circumstances, varying as the winds of heaven, latent powers, before undreamed of, boding influence strong as fate, all constitute the life problem, the solution of which is difficult and well nigh impossible, till Time, the great eliminator, simplifies the equation and enables man to find the value of the unknown quantities. I by as the Subj of Old to solve these life problems, but am beseit on every side. Perplexed doubts flash through my mind. Strange shapes, chaotic masses, shadowy figures, obscure my mortal vision. All combine to thwarting my endeavors to pass from the known to the unknown, from what "has been" to what "may be." But the clouds gradually clear away and a picture itselfs itself. I see but dimly it first and then more vividly—till I can easily discern a chemist's laboratory. Who could mistake this abode of science with indications of its purpose on every side? Strange array of crucibles foil and wire, vials and flasks filled with colored liquids, mysterious substance of most uncanny aspect, suggesting half alchemical, emerging from a cobwebbed recess. But in the place of this the graceful figure of a fair young girl. The contrast that is presented between her and her dreary surroundings is indeed great. The dust of jays has been gathering upon many of the instruments not in use, making them seem even more neglected than they are in reality. She with earnestness and enthusiasm written on every feature seems to shed a peculiar radiance upon her dumb companions lightening their gravity. The interested and absorbed manner of the girl surely indicates that nature is to her indeed a fairy godmother revealing secrets of hidden love. A departing ray of the sun falls upon the bent head, where it lingers, making her the centre of brightness in the dull room. She thinks as she works that in nature's infinite book of secrecy a little I can tell. This rewards her for her effort and endows her with fresh zeal and a thirst for greater progress. I wonder that one so young should possess this extensive knowledge and seem to have such power of higher attainments, and am assured that she has been a devoted lover of science, learning much from the natural world even in childhood.

AUGUST COMING

How fair roses tint the mystic line Where heaven meets with earth Scarce has the watch star ceased to shine Foretelling the day of birth

Tran it on a heart from shade and light A lamelike grace is drawn

The dewy freshness of the night Blends with the flush of dawn

In soft half lights the meadow lies, Wrapt in its white misty veil

And perfumes sweet like incense rare Fm on blossoms fair and frail

A beam of light like prince of old Haste to bid each a ring flower And wakes it in a tale oft told There's magic in the hour!

The king cap waves in grassy shade And little by little wanes The daisies hide as it strays To leave its court behind

And danceth in front of me there Above the daisies heads And gaily toss into the air Their feathers white tipped star

But say read or all in willing, more Tangled and turned and crooked!

The silvery webs of gossamer bare Little robes of fairies lost

And sing they gossamer the air As on silver strings

There sparkle darts of dew instead By dark halfed night there hung

Over all the earth a charm is thrown Like witches' magic spell

The twilight into dawn has grown True charm it worth well

But when the brilliant god of day Dawns in the eastern sky,

When on the dew there falls his ray Each sparkling drop will fly

The gossamer too will melt away

For only with the light

That half illumed by coming day

Is it revealed to sight

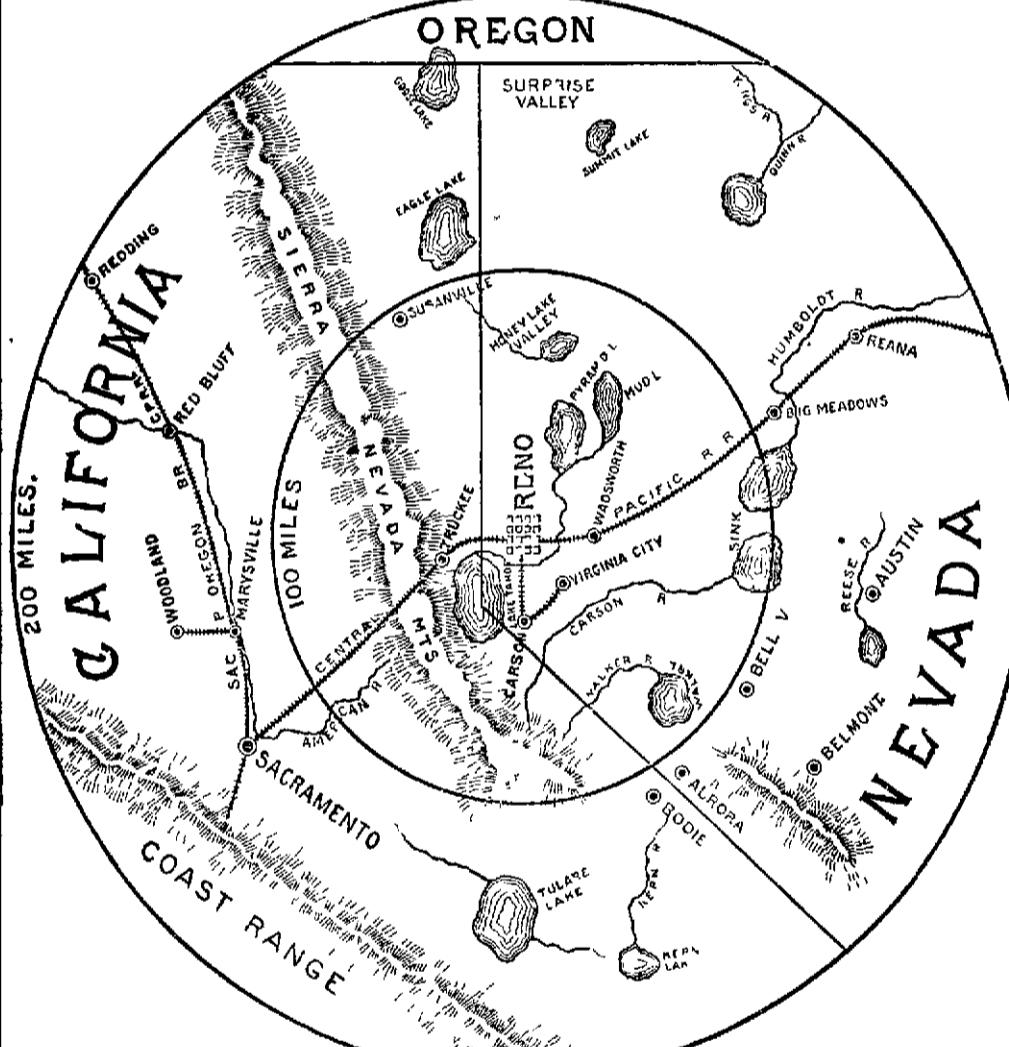
And leaves a violet sweet

A maiden young and fair

Trades o'er the meadow with light feet

The loveliest image there

My attention is attracted to the open



RENO'S GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION.



NEVADA STATE UNIVERSITY, RENO.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS!

Bishop Whitaker's Efforts and Success.

Reno's Great Female Seminary and Hopes for the Future.

Commencement Exercises—Closing of the Tenth Year—Musical Department—Various Notes.

SALUTATORIAL—VALENTINE.

The Essays of the Graduates Jane Gertrude Shoemaker, Carrie Adelia Blakelee, Ida May Pullman, Laura Emily Stockhouse, Katie Louise Vosburgh, Mary Franklin, Isabel Stevens Harris, and Abby Editha Mason.

[Continued from First Page.]

fire place where sits a small plump figure; she turns her face to the cuckoo clock upon the mantle and I notice that her soft brown eyes light with pleasure for the "hands are on the stroke of six." I see her moving from place to place putting a touch here and there, for she seems well versed in "gracious household ways." Reigning supreme in this "woman's kingdom" of home, she has surely found that "safe, sweet corner of the household fire," making it safer and sweater for the loved one she is expecting to return. I hear a step approaching, and, apparently, she had heard it before me; the brown eyes brighten again, and she moves to meet him, but this part of the scene is denied me, for the door is unmercifully shut in my face, and I am left to divine the rest. The closed door leaves me in utter darkness and the thick gloom falls upon my mental vision also; a gloom scarcely lessened when the dense curtains are succeeded by a dim light, in which the outlines of my next picture are faintly seen. It is early dawn in a Southern city, the streets are almost deserted, no hum of voices indicating the revival of life in a great city; the air seems heavy with disaster, as if a bird of ill omen shadowed all the place with his huge wings; on the faces of the first that are to be seen, dread and anxiety hold sway; even the paving-stones under their feet seem to shrink beneath the scourge of "yellow fever." I see among these few, who save the streets from utter desolation, a figure wrapped in a cloak; a resolute and steadfast countenance adds to the dignity which her form alone would have maintained. Faces brighten at her coming, for all know the faithful nurse who has labored so long for them. Coming from the North in the strength of acquired knowledge and skill, she gives her services in a spirit of consecration to a lofty aim. It has been truly said that "man approaches most nearly to the gods when he confers the gifts of healing upon his fellow-men," and surely it is verified in this case. As she passes, her cloak is thrown back slightly, revealing the striped blue and white robes of a Bellevue nurse, and then I am assured that she is entirely worthy of the high esteem in which she is evidently held. My eyes follow her till I see her turn into a narrow street where she is lost from my view. The gloom momentarily lifted by her helpful presence now falls more heavily about me; a gloom insupportable if it were not for its brief duration. Almost instantaneously it is succeeded by a scene in vivid contrast to its desolation. There comes within my range of vision, a long, brightly lighted parlor, filled with animated and expectant guests; all employed as their different tastes direct, in walking about, conversing, or idly looking at pictures and engravings, but the chief pleasure of the evening is evidently yet to come. There is a sudden hubbub throughout the room and the uninterested look upon the faces of the company changes to one of delight, as a merriment voice fills the large room. Selection after selection is received with increasing approbation. The reader's magic so charms the audience that the creations of dramatist and poet live before them as present realities. At length, as the last words of "Lascu" fall upon the ear, murmurs of compliment are heard, comparisons to Mrs. Siddons, reminiscences of Charlotte Cushman, and other celebrities of a past generation. All agree that the reader is as highly appreciated in her range of effort as those artists were in theirs; and now the voices die away and the light grows softer, figures change and disappear, the walls of the long room narrow and its ceilings lower, paintings and engravings have vanished from the walls, and instead are simple prints and scrolls. Couch and divan have given place to long rows of tiny cots, and beside each kneels a little white draped figure; it is evening prayer in the girls' ward of a children's home, I hear the full tones of "Our Father" in which all the voices join, acknowledging a divine paternity since an earthly one is denied them. A moment for silent prayer and now the matron of the ward, who has been standing in her accustomed place to preserve perfect order, moves toward the rising figures and lovingly gives a good-night kiss to each little waif. The face that bends over the tiny beds is calm, patient and motherly, the little children have grown to love it as they would their own mother. Her life is made up of little cares, but blessed in doing good and leading these children to Him who has said "suffer the little children to come unto me." Now one by one the lights are extinguished until a single taper sheds its struggling beams over the dim corridor. I leave the sleeping children in peaceful room, and turn my face to the outer world; but here a strange transition awaits me; I had expected a dark moonless night, with scarcely a star gemming the overcast sky; instead, a flood of morning sunshine meets my eyes, and I am carried swiftly through a busy street to a court-yard, where stands a handsome structure of brick. Within are countless halls and sunny class-rooms; coming from them is a faint hum of voices more subdued than that proceeding from the domain of Ichabod Crane. Perfect order, military discipline and precision bespeak the school. I pause at length in a quiet class-room, and watch the attentive faces of the pupils and the different expressions as the abstract truths are entirely grasped by some, partially comprehended by others, and not at all understood by those who never seem to understand anything. All, however, watch the black-board very attentively, on whose dead surface are traced, in clear, white characters, mystic formulas and cabalistic signs, which to the uncultured mind seem meaningless, but not so to the trained intellect of the model school mistress, who states successive equations so rapidly, and sets forth demonstrations so clearly, that one might fancy that her mental processes

were purely automatic. Self-possessed, dignified and calm, she stands before her class, though a little anxiety is seen in her face, and in a nervous clasping of the hands, as a pupil falters in some intricate point; after her careful explanation, I follow mechanically the swift manipulations of the crayon in the teacher's hand, as she resumes her work at the black-board. I hear the click of pencils, concise answers, and crisp rustling of paper, but they fall unheeded and without making any impression upon dull ear and weary brain. I am confused by the wonderful transposition of the equation, by which the known is resolved from the unknown. In my mind other and more important problems are struggling for solution; I almost envy the rapid calculations made by the teacher, but am partially consoled by the fact that my problems are more difficult; and that the solution, when obtained, will be of more value to the world. I turn from the busy self-satisfied scene; the very exactness and completeness of the work jars upon my own uncertain and chaotic visions; the last sound am I thread the long hall, is the sharp ring of the class-bell, and I pass again into the hurried street. At length as the long, low shadows of afternoon are falling, I find myself in the cool, wide space of a city church. Here is rest and quiet that will enable me to arrange my scattered thoughts and vagrant fancies. No sound of chant, or prayer, or hymn breaks the stillness, assuring me that it is not the hour of service. Stray gleams through the stained glass and pained window fail upon deserted nave and chancel; no flowers deck the carved altar. To my excited imagination the spectral memory tablets gleam like phantoms in their marble whiteness; I had longed for quiet and a rest for my tired brain, but this ghostly place of refuge agitates my already over-wrought feeling; I look on every side for an escape from this dread solitude, and am beginning to despair when I see at the end of the long aisle, a half-open door, suggesting a possible exit; a flight of stairs leads me to another door also ajar. I pause on the threshold of this, not caring to mar the effect of the picturesque scene; I see a bare room devoid of ornament, dusky rafters and plastered walls making it artistic in its severe simplicity. In the sunset light, from a high window, gleam the golden pipes of the organ. Before this sits the organist with the listening look of the true musician upon his cultured face; as I pause unseen he strikes the first notes of an accompaniment making the inanimate organ move and live and have its being beneath his skillful touch. I perceive that he is conducting an afternoon choir rehearsal; in high relief stands a single figure, her clear cut profile against the dark wool-work and dim shadows, white above her head rise the organ pipes, glittering in the sunshine, and vibrating under the master's hand. In the back-ground are grouped three figures, apparently the other members of the choir, in listless attitudes of waiting, professional singers all, ever reserving their enthusiasm for their own efforts. My attention is centered upon the soloist who stands, until the prelude is ended, motionless, save for a slight tremor in the hand holding her music; I look again and again in that brief interval, but forget the singer in the song, as the first clear tones break the stillness, then fill the large church with a burst of melody so clear that it is "drunk up by the thirsty silence" of the gothic arches, like fragrant incense; the silvery voice rises above the organ pipes, fittest offering of devotion from man's heart to God. But upon my pained brain and questioning heart the sweet strains excite a strange charm; my doubts are stilled, my eager knock at the door of the future answered, for "music is the prophet's art," and on its wondrous tide the human soul forgets its littleness in the divine. "Music is well said to be the speech of angels" for the melting strains awake echoes in my heart, and lift my soul to a higher vision with more than angelic power; I have learned to trust. The old legend of St. Cecilia is again reversed, again a mortal is lifted to the skies, and in the clear light of this upper world I am content. It is enough that God should know and I feel that my incompleteness is merged into his completeness. As she concludes I turn away not wishing another voice to create discord where now is harmony, and counteract the strange influence that has soothed soothed to my troubled mind. Once more outside a perfect sunset unfolds its beauty in regal gold and purple. "Hands of angels unseen by mortal eyes shift the scenery of the heavens" and it seems for an instant that I am enabled to look beyond into the dark unknown, but as the heavens are changed by the different tints and floating clouds, so the penitence of my mind is destroyed by the return of the old doubts, the varying fancies and dissolving pictures. Is there any reality that can be created by the imagination which avoids the dangers and shares the advantages of both extremes.

This ideal life gives one a distaste for the real. Men of genius are rarely pleasant household companions. They seem to be ever soaring above the common level, and paying little heed to either its pains or pleasures. They live in a world far distant from this, and only reached by climbing the lofty heights of Parnassus. It is painful to them to be called from the cloud-capt mountain top to the prosaic plains and quiet valleys of common life. It has been said, and truly, "You can not harness Pegasus to the family coach." A mind bent upon a lofty idea and absorbed in a world of imagination does not readily harmonize with the details of domestic life. The little cares and trials of home jar upon its finer sense of the well-trained musical ear. This lack of adaptation gives anything but happiness to other members of the family. As the shrewd Scotch woman said of her gifted son, "Tom was e'er gay ill to dour wi."

In another sense a very active imagination is undesirable in every-day life. Trifling illus are exaggerated and made much of which to a person of less acute faculties would be considered trivial, and would soon be forgotten. A thousand grievances that never existed are conceived and thus create a scene of constant misunderstanding.

Again an extremely retentive memory is commonly regarded as a rare treasure indicating strength of mind and character. This is probably a true theory, for the intellect that so vividly conceives and so vigorously retains, can not be deficient in other attributes.

Then the past life with all its treasures of knowledge and wisdom becomes as available as the present. The man turns to it with as much confidence in its reliability as he does to his present perceptions. It is a book of reference that is ever at hand, and continually adding pages as years elapse. How many are there who exclaim, "Oh! that I could remember all!" little thinking that may be contained in that word "all."

Here again the law of "Quid pro Quo" confronts one, and how few there are who would be willing to pay the price. That extremely impressionable, tenuous memory, with all its varied sources of pleasure, becomes an instrument of keenest torture. He who derives advantage from an accurate recollection of the past must also suffer disadvantage and positive loss. True, nature's best remedy for all sorrow, but it can administer no balm to the ardent soul that recalls so tenderly each look and tone and gesture of one loved and lost, who reviews so minutely painful incidents that to a mind less highly organized would have been a long obliviated. Such an one is like a weary traveler, whose burden is increased each moment, rather than lightened by time, till at last he exclaims with Thespis, "Oh, for the art of forgetting."

Living in the past with memory not only causes more poignant sorrow, but it also throws one out of all sympathy with the present, unfitting him for usefulness. In his unreal world he becomes thoroughly impractical, he fails more and more completely under the sway of the dominant faculty, until at length he has no longer the power to affirm that he will not "burden his remembrance with a heaviness that is gone."

Thus the Roman said "Whosoever chooses the golden mean, serene and sad dwells neither in a wretched home, nor in an envied palace." And again "The middle station is safest." This gives the ancient idea; while in modern times, the French have the proverb "A man may shine in the second rank who would be eclipsed in the first," and the Italian is found "Little wealth, little care."

Now, although each tongue gives a slight national coloring to its maxima, yet, in all, the leading thought is the same of the "fortunate medium." And this view is held for reasons of worldly wisdom or self-interest. Is it not a regard for ease and personal welfare that causes men to avoid the stations of extreme wealth or poverty, and choose that life which brings with it the least disadvantage or exertion? How much policy is cloathed in those few words "The Middle Station is safest." It very obscurely renders one secure from attack.

But this universal sentiment is not altogether founded upon sordid motives; there is also an element of that higher spiritual wisdom, which is the true guide of life. The teaching of God's word points to contentment with little, as the indispensable condition of the soul's highest attainments.

"Blessings on him whose will is strong, He suffers but he can not suffer long. He suffers but he can not suffer wrong."

A strong will is indeed admirable when directed by a strong intellect. Thus Shakespeare has said "Every inordinate cup is unclean and the in-ingredient is a devil," showing that all excess is the source of evil.

Even virtues, by a slight exaggeration,

become vices, thyclock, one of the most wonderful conceptions of the myriad-minded poet, very clearly portrays exaggerated forms of virtue. It was his patriotism and love of the Jewish nation, carried to excess, that caused him to so intensely hate the Christians. His excess became a fierce craving for riches; while his extreme love of justice caused the unrelenting exaction of the bond from Antonio.

The shadowy borderland between vice and virtue is often so faintly traced that it can scarcely be perceived.

Nor is it alone in the world of morals that one must heed this equilibrium of forces. A well balanced nature also holds a certain vantage ground in the intellectual world. To the sober eye of common sense the possession of extraordinary intellectual gifts may not be an unmixed blessing. Many who covet genius forget that it is often attended by serious disadvantages. The law of "Quid pro Quo" holds true in such a case. Nothing can be had without paying the price, and it is often a very dear one. "Tis but a step from the genius to the madman." The same creative power that peoples a world of fancy, gives origin to the tortures that afflict the brain of one bereft of reason.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost indisputable to him. Nothing is so tangible, so positive, as the ideal forms of his active brain.

It is the imagination that forms the phantoms of insanity, and the same power creates the characters of artistic fiction. There is only a difference of degree; the man of genius passes on in his career, ever creating new and fanciful characters, until at last he has made for himself a new world and peopled it as he would. He soon ceases to regard the truth of the material world, while the reality of his ideal creations seems almost

no gift is too precious to be laid upon a shrine. When an enterprise of any magnitude is to be considered, it is only by considering self as an insignificant unit of the great work that any result may be accomplished. The will of each individual must be subjected to a central controlling power to insure harmonious and well directed effort. Thus the little toilers of the sea achieve such grand results. The fairy-like islands and broad coral reefs are quite out of proportion to these pigmy architects. But to these magnificent walls of solid rock each tiny polype has contributed its own structure.

There is no thought of personal distinction, no striving for preeminence, no wish that one's own work shall have recognition.

Ruskin says: "Queen's you must always be." But, alas! you are too often careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things while you abdicate it in the greatest." But whatever success woman may gain in the field of intellectual attainment her greatest triumph must be ever won by the soft voice, expressing a gentle, feminine nature whose throne and scepter are found in home. But it may be said that under the present constitution of society many women have no home, but this certainly can be contradicted for no matter where, on land or sea, the true feminine character makes a home. And in that realm she has the power to exercise her loveliest virtue, her strongest personal influence; here in the home, made by her hands, she is most happy. Wherever her gentle qualities are felt there is the "place of peace," the quiet sanctuary of home; she lives for its welfare and its image is impressed upon her heart. And something of this home radiance ever encircles the true woman. It is said, "The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night cold grass may be the only fire at her feet, but home is yet wherever she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than cleft with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were homeless."

"NON SIDI"—WITH VALEDICTORY.

Abby Edwina Mason.

There is in human nature an element of hero worship, the transcendent admiration of a great man, or the great in man.

It does not follow that he who renders homage to heroism is himself able to emulate the deed, his range of thought and feeling may be on a lower plane, but he pays the brief tribute to a higher idea, as one in passing doffs his hat to royalty.

He instinctively recognizes the beauty of the act, and feels the impulse which he will not obey.

Hence the charm in self-sacrifice, which has always exerted a most powerful influence upon the world.

"Whence a noble deed is wrought, Whence a spirit spoken a noble thought, Our hearts in glad surprise, To higher levels rise."

The soul is thrilled by the noble deed of another, and then arises a generous desire to proclaim it to the world that its influence may be multiplied.

The same sentiment is felt that Carlyle rather grotesquely expresses concerning a brave Cornish miner who had rescued many lives at the risk of his own. He says, "such a man were worthy to be hatched, it were a shame to eat him like a breakfast egg."

But outside agencies are not required to perpetuate such a deed, it throws its influence over and around, ever embracing a larger and larger circle, as the ripples widen on the surface of a pond when a stone has been cast into its waters.

So intense has been the adoration for self-devotion that a mistake has arisen in the thought that there is beauty in the simple sacrifice, that suffering itself is lovely, forgetting that it is the purpose and spirit that makes sacrifice beautiful, and that suffering is only lovely when for some noble end.

Unnecessary sacrifice is foolish. It is not generous to be ready to offer one's life on every occasion. Often the trust we can render is in living.

A thoughtful English writer says: "Men help each other by their joy, not by their sorrow. They are not intended to slay themselves for each other, but to strengthen themselves for each other."

One serves his fellow-men best by living for them in the fullest sense, by cultivating his natural powers, by developing those gifts in which his soul finds delight.

It seems ordained that man should follow the occupation that gives him the most happiness, for he finds in his possession some talent that fits him to a certain path in preference to all others, and he can do that best, it becomes most congenial.

Now if he pursue some uncongenial occupation, though not less dignified, the fact that he is not in sympathy with his work will almost certainly insure its failure.

Mendelssohn's very life was in his art, and this he embodied in those sweet strains that will charm all music-loving souls while time endures.

Would this great musician have conferred a more acceptable gift upon the world if he had ruined the "voice of harmony" amid the legal technicalities of the court room?

Or, would Turner have given more to man if he had denied his matchless art gift, and refused to paint the canvas from which his imaginative spirit will ever speak?

The answer is the brief biography written by his great critic, "he did this, nor will ever another do it like again."

It is then seen that the life of each would be less perfect if he followed in the footsteps of the other. "God is a kind father, and we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing him if we are not happy ourselves."

It is argued that it is selfish to expand so much time and treasure in cultivating one's natural powers, but this is not necessarily true, the gift may be returned ten fold.

Fancy a mighty river, flowing through a broad valley, making fertile and lovely what otherwise would have been a barren desert. Yet, returning to the source of that river, it is discovered to be formed from the stores of tiny rills, brooks and streams. Now was it selfish to accept their contributions when by this means such benefits could be imparted?

But the old idea of sacrifice returns with renewed fascination. The eager heart, longing to spend and to be spent, cannot at once relinquish its romantic conception, the mind ever dwells on the gift rather than on the object. But the charm of the service is lost when the sacrifice is counted. "The value of the gift doth vary with the giver."

The only offering that is truly acceptable is that in which there is a cheerful forgetfulness of self, when the mind so intently dwells on the end to be wrought that all labor and suffering are ignored.

The scientist spends his life searching for truth. There floats before his mind the ideal of what his work should be, and he forgets toil and hardship in its achievement.

All know the power of affection, that mysterious alchemy that transforms the beloved object to a faultless being. There is no criticism in worship, and

discussing the various planets, their governing laws, comparative positions and relations.

Miss Lillie O'Donnell's rendering of that dainty little ballad, "Of Course," was very pleasing. Her voice is well suited to the song and her manner formed a pleasing accompaniment.

During the next forty minutes Miss Dickinson conducted an exhaustive examination in mythology. Topics were drawn and recited by the following young ladies: Misses Lydia Hoskins, Hattie Higgins, Nettie Rising, Lottie Collins, Jessie Williams, Helen Smith, Bessie Boardman.

Ruskin says: "Nothing is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalry, nor nobly which is done in pride." There is a willingness that other and more competent hands shall render aid, receive honor, if only the blessed consummation may be thereby hastened.

This absorbed devotion to a lofty ideal results not only in successful work, but throws a rose-colored light over the most common duties, and lends a charm to the doing.

It gives grace and beauty to the most dreary routine, and, like a sweet strain of music, continues to banish the mind with its melody as one vainly strives to reek the air. Ever and anon the endeavor is rewarded by a few perfect notes, and then again one's grasp is eluded. But effort is stimulated though the ideal advances beyond the grasp of fulfillment, as shadows lengthen when one is walking from the setting sun, ever keeping pace with the progress of the hastening figure.

The "there" is never "here," yet the "there" gives interest and aim; the most mortal duty, if dignified by a noble purpose, need not be degrading. A quaint church poet says:

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine.
Who sweeps a room for thy laws,
Makes it that the action fits."

And it is for the common duties of prosaic, everyday life that courage and strength are most needed. Few require inspiration for great deeds, the crisis brings its own.

Nature is rare that is incapable of an occasional high-water mark, but in the ebbing tide the waters of the soul become stagnant, unless stirred by a life-giving breeze, and this inspiration comes in the recurring thought of a high and sacred purpose.

Thinking much on this, and little on the doer or the deed, self is merged into something greater than self; and then, and not till then, comes the best living and the best work, for the highest art is that in which the artist's hand is never seen, and

"Sweetest strain when in the song
The singer has been lost."

And now let me say a few words which I would gladly leave unsaid. All farewells, of whatever character, contain an element that is painful. The nature must indeed be hard and unfeeling that does not shrink from saying words that will sever long-continued associations, from saying for the last time that which has been said many times. The thought strikes the most careless, the most indifferent heart.

"Never again, while time endures, nor through all the ages of Eternity, will I stand in precisely these relations, never again!" These words echo in our hearts to-day as stand in our old character, for the last time, in the schoolroom which has been the scene of such varied experiences. Our eyes rest upon the dear girls who have so long been our comrades. We do not leave them, perhaps, an inspiring record, but we do leave them our "heritage of hope" that their career may be marked by greater honors and successes than our own.

To our teacher we would express gratitude for what they have given us, and still more, for what they would have given had we been more ready and able to receive.

To our Bishop we need not say farewell. We pray that he will ever be, as he has been, our best and wisest friend and counsellor.

THE EXERCISES.

When Bishop Whitaker rang the bell for prayer at his "School for Girls" yesterday morning, the friends from in and out of town had already gathered in such large numbers that the schoolroom proper of the Seminary building was more than comfortably filled. The interesting programme of exercises would have been a sufficient incentive for a crowd, even if the morning hours had not been so delightfully bright and pleasant. It has always been a pleasure to visit this attractive home school, but never more so than on this perfect June day. The outdoor atmosphere of loveliness seemed to penetrate every nook and corner of the various rooms thrown open for the reception of visitors already beautified by the work and presence of the pupils. The spacious school room, with its large windows, looking west and north, was most tastefully decorated. The entire south wall, hung with soft and graceful draperies, festooned with flowers and greens, made softer still the mellow tints of the Memorial window. Pillars of evergreen, surmounted by shields covered with the class colors (cream and maroon), supported the class motto: "Silentia et Spe" —In Silence and in Hope. Above these evergreen letters was a beautiful satin banner decorated with a daintily painted horseshoe of flowers, the class motto, some mystic letters and 1866. This was presented by a young lady who was prevented from graduating with her class.

A parson with brilliant blossoms was pendant from the center of these stage decorations. The class mottoes of previous years: "A Posse Ad Eso" —From Thought to Dead; "Finis Coronat Opus" —Results Prove Attainments; "Concordia Est Divinia" —Harmony is Divine; "Non Ministrari Sed Ministrare" —Not to be Ministered unto but to Minister; "Auxilium Ab Alto" —Aid from on High, constructed of evergreen, surmounted the blackboards on the other walls. The work of the classes in drawing, painting, needlework, botany and bookkeeping, arranged for inspection on tables in the parlor, received much criticism and admiration. The class in astronomy, Miss Pease teacher, was called immediately after prayer. The young ladies showed themselves quite familiar with the mystic science, recapitulating the development of the study through the teachings of Ptolemy, Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo and Newton.

The Bishop distributed the prizes, remarking that it was a pleasant duty, be-

cause of the spirit in which their giving has always been received.

For the best made garment, a gold thimble, to Ida Pullman.

For the greatest improvement in sewing during the year, to Kate Daggett.

To best general reader, Bessie Jennings, Ella Smith, Louisa Hammond, Alice Hull, Lizzie Murphy. Each best in some particular branch, but none best in all. Honorable mention also due Isabel Harris, McCormick, Daisy Ernst, Jennie Dyer, Lydia Hoskins, Etta Comius, Iva Rowland.

A prize not offered, but given for peculiar fidelity to her Saturday mending, to Lillian O'Donnell.

For the little girls—Prize for greatest improvement in sewing, to Lizzie Porter; for fidelity in little things, to Mary McCormick.

In the Department of Music the prize offered by the Rev. Mr. Crawford (breast pin in the design of a gold lyre) was won by Isabel Harris, Hattie Higgins, ranking almost equal. The prize in the second grade (a silver pin, same design) was awarded to Florence Layton.

Before awarding the diplomas Bishop Whitaker made a short address. He thanked the friends present for their kindly aid and sympathy. For the pupils whom he expects another year he wished a joyous vacation, and a return, full of strong determination to do good work. He exhorted the graduates to live up to adopted motto, remembering that not always would approbation be given their efforts. In silence and in hope, the real true work of life must be accomplished. In heart as in nature the great influences are the silent ones. Labor thus for those who are dependent upon you. In silence and in hope strive to win the hearts of those around you. This work will be acknowledged by Him who assigned it to you and your life will be crowned with success here and with blessedness hereafter. And now let me present you with these tokens of your life and labor with us.

At four o'clock an evening hymn was sung and the closing prayer was said, and so quietly and restfully closed the day of work and pleasure.

Among the visitors present from abroad were Hon. R. M. Daggett and wife, Major Wm. Sutherland and wife, Mrs. J. C. Hampton, Mrs. Dr. Collins, Mrs. Col. M. N. Stone, Mrs. B. F. Layton, Mr. Fred Patton and wife, the Misses Squires, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Stackhouse, Miss Annie Mudd, Mrs. M. Myatt, Mrs. W. H. Blauvelt, Miss Mell Wright, F. Boegle and wife, Mrs. Hulley and wife, of Virginia City, L. A. Blakeslee and wife, of Humboldt, Mrs. A. B. Williams and daughter, of Carson, Dr. Hanson, of Winnemucca, and Geo. Ernst, of Belmont.

Miss Carrie Blakeslee gave a most artistic reading of metaphysical essay, "Black, White and Gray." Miss Blakeslee wore an elaborate combination costume of cream-white nun's veiling, and dark velvet red roses. As she read the closing lines of her poem the thought was irresistible that the cobwebs of her home in the future would be soft and lacey, though constructed to bear the closest inspection.

Miss Carrie Blakeslee gave a most artistic reading of metaphysical essay, "Black, White and Gray." Miss Blakeslee wore an elaborate combination costume of cream-white nun's veiling, and Egyptian lace. Front of skirt of lace, side panels of veiling decorated with bunches of kiss ribbons. Square bustle, with quaint garniture of lace, ribbon, and pearl beads.

Miss Belle Harris greatly pleased everyone with her vocal solo "Song of Neptune." Her voice has improved and developed very perceptibly during the past year.

The essay "Old Tales Retold," by Miss Ida Pullman, was smoothly written, and read in a quiet, easy manner. Miss Pullman wore a dress of cream nun's veiling, decorated with many bows of satin ribbon. The corsage was V shaped, filled in with lace.

Each one of the class wore a unique silver bracelet, their adopted badge.

"Pandora's Jar," a class history, by Miss Laura Stackhouse, was given with a tone and manner half sorrowful, half humorous. Miss Stackhouse's dress was a rich cream veiling; skirt with Greek drapery edged with lace, side decoration of satin ribbon. Plain basque, with lace and ribbon fichu at the throat.

Miss Hattie Vosburgh, another of Reno's daughters, read a tender homily, "Sotto Voce." Her low enunciation and quiet movements gave fitting expression to the subject matter of her essay. She wore an elegant cream colored gros grain silk skirt, killed with draperies of Spanish guipure lace; lace waist, finished with an edge of the same.

Miss Mary Franklin, a spirited looking little brunet, delivered her class prophecy with an intensity of feeling and energy that almost carried a conviction of reality to her words. Her dress of white wool was trimmed with flounces and cascades of delicate Oriental lace; skirt, neck and sleeves of basque finished with rows of pearl beads.

A vocal chorus by the entire graduating class was a pleasant diversion and forcible illustration of another of the many accomplishments of this bright class of '66.

The theater was densely crowded last night to listen to the music, singing and cantata, of the twenty-fifth rehearsal of the Department of Music. The selections on the piano given by Misses Hill, Higgins, Blakeslee, Vosburgh, Atchinson, Blauvelt, Layton, Hopkins, Daggett, Pullman, Harris, Becker, Wintermantel and Grippen, were rendered with magnificent execution. The singing of Miss Rachael Fredrick and Miss May Carr was very sweet, and received with delight. Dickey Jose was noticed to go to the piano to speak to Miss Quaife, and in order to satisfy his friends he was compelled to go upon the stage and sing, for which he was heartily applauded. The semi-chorus of Faerie voices, with cuts Miss Archibald in the lead, pleased everybody. The cantata of "The Colpitt Fay" was put on the stage after the manner of the regular opera, and Miss Carr, Mrs. O'Donnell, Miss Atchinson and Miss Fredrick, rendered their parts as well as veterans. In fact the entire forty young ladies who took part did so with much credit to themselves. Those who were present last night left the hall wondering what would be the treat for a year hence.

Senator J. G. Fair passed through San Francisco last night. He says he will come up and see the boys just as soon as he attends to some important business matters.

REVIEWS.

Rev. J. D. Hammond is in town.

Supt. Garrison came down from Carson last night.

Walter Hastings will give a grand bon-bon party at the Tribune Saturday night.

W. E. Copeland, of Gold Hill, has been nominated Register of U. S. Land Office, at Carson, vice Witherell; re-signed.

David Willard, a former conductor on the run from Sacramento to Reno, but now a conductor on the O. R. & N. Co., is visiting Sacramento.

Major D. S. Gordon, the new Com-

mander at Fort Bidwell, came up from the Presidio yesterday morning and will leave for the Post this morning.

NOT FOR SUPREME JUDGE.

—The Carson Free Lance says:

From a letter which we have been permitted to peruse we see that Congressman Woodburn will not be a candidate for the Republic nomination for Supreme Judge, but will stand for the nomination for Congress to succeed himself on the 4th of March next.

Mr. Woodburn's many friends and well-wishers will be glad to see this early assurance of the facts as to Mr. Woodburn's candidacy.

There is not much doubt that Cassidy will be the Democratic

nominee again, although the breach between himself and Senator Fair seems not as yet to have been healed.

Woodburn is the strongest man

we have to oppose to Cassidy, and his

renomination to Congress is exceeding-

ly probable.

—

—

—

—

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. J. WING OLIVER,
(HOMEOPATHIC)
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OBSTETRICS and CHRONIC DISEASES
of women & a specialty.

Office and Residence—Northeast corner of
Virginia and Fourth streets, Reno, Nevada

W. BERGMAN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Reno, Washoe Co., Nev.

OFFICE—Second street, next door to JOURNAL
Building.

J. F. ALEXANDER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Office Court House, Reno, Nev
my 54

C. S. MARTIN,
Reno, Nevada,
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
AGENT and MONEY BROKER.

Houses and lots sold on the installment plan
Agent for several first-class Insurance Companies
my 54

DR. H. BERGSTEIN,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and ACCOUCHEUR

OFFICE—Rooms 1 and 2 Snodgrass's Block,
Virginia Street, Reno

Residence—Sierra street on door north of
the Golden Eagle Hotel

H. L. FISH,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER

Deeds and other papers drawn and acknowledgments taken at reasonable rates

OFFICE—In First National Bank, my 54

PIERCE EVANS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Practice in the State and Federal Courts

NOTARY PUBLIC

OFFICE—Chamber's Building, Virginia Street,
Reno, Nevada

my 54

DR. MINTE.

THE SPECIALIST.

No. 11 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal

Treats all Chronic Special and Private Diseases

with Wonderful Success

The Great English Remedy!

DR. MINTE, who is a Regular Physician,

Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania,

will agree to forfeit five hundred Dollars for a case of this kind the Vital Restorative (under his special advice and treatment) will not cure

or for anything impure or injurious it uses

no animal or mineral extract, it is safe and

useful without mercury. CONSULTATION

FREE. Thorough examination and advice in

cluding analysis of urine \$5 to

Price of Vital Restorative \$1.00 a bottle, or four times the

value of the bottle and postage

except price of C. O. D. ascertained from obser-

vation and in private name if desired, by Dr

MINTE, 11 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal

Send for list of Questions and pamphlet

SAMPLE, while FREE, will be sent to

any one in the United States, giving symptoms

sex and age strict secrecy in regard to all

business transactions

DR. MINTE'S BRAIN CURE

Dr. MINTE's Remedy for HYDROCEPHALUS

and all Malignant Tumors and Brain Complaints

Gangrene, Gleet, Leucorrhœa, etc

For sale by all druggists, \$1 a bottle or six

bottles for \$5

DR. MINTE'S DANDELION PILLS are the

best and cheapest Diuretic and Balsam

in the market. For sale by all druggists.

my 54

MONARCH SALOON,

WEST SIDE OF VIRGINIA STREET

RENO, NEV.

H. J. THYES & CO., Proprietors.

Fine Wines, Liquors & Cigars

— AT THE BAR —

Brunswick & Balke's Monarch

Billiard and Pool Tables.

THE LEADING PAPERS ON FILE

We have lately commenced the selling of

Wines, Liquors by the glass, bottle, flask

Bitters, Champagne and Beer, good

of all kinds, which we will sell lower than

ever before sold in town. Call and becon-

vinced.

MONDAY, May 25 1886

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEET-

ING.

THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE CAL-

IFORNIA FLYING DUTCHMAN CO. have been

notified that pursuant to the By-Laws of said

company the annual meeting of its stockholders

will be held at its office, in J. J. Quin's

store, in block P, in Reno, Washoe County, Ne-

ve., on the 25th day of May, 1886, at 2 o'clock P. M. for the election of five Trustees

for said company for the ensuing year

and the transaction of any of its business that

may lawfully come before such meeting

J. J. QUINN, Secretary

RENO, May 25 1886

WEAK, NERVOUS PEOPLE

And other diseases from nervous debility,

exhausting chronic

debility, debility, decline of young or old,

old, debility, debility, debility, debility, debility,

debility, debility, debility, debility, debility